



# The Lads

## Of St. CATHARINE'S.

**A**LL you young fellows wheresoever you be,  
In regard of a song bear chorus with me,  
Tis of a rum frolic you very well do know,  
On the bay of St. Catharine's, where we frequently  
do go.

Tis at the Black Boy you very well do know,  
On the bay of St. Catharine's, where we frequently  
do go,  
There some whores and sailors got together in a fray,  
Where they fought all the darkey, and part of the  
next day.

It was in the summer weather, in the heat time of  
the day,  
As over Tower Hill a bullock ran that way,  
Turn him back! turn him back! the lads they did say,  
Turn him back, my brave fellows, we will have him  
our own way.

They drove him up the Minories, Whitechapel way  
he went,

We got him into Grave! Lane, where all the whores  
attend,

They drove him down Shoreditch, and turn'd him  
up Hog Lane,

We got him into Moorfields, and there he began his  
game.

We drove him into Moorfields, among the Brokers  
Row,

Where the bullock he began to cut a noble shew,  
Their chairs and their tables they all went to wreck,  
Likewise their pots and saucepans, and glasses they  
went smack.

How you would have laugh'd if you had been but  
there,

To hear how these brokers did curse, damn and swear,  
Old women were running as hard as they could run,  
While the lads of the village they were laughing at  
the fun.

Then we drove him up Fore-Street, and turn'd him  
down Long Lane,

Till we got in Smithfield where the constables attend,  
We drove him down Fleet Market, and over the  
bridge he came,

Till we got into Maiden Lane, where all the blades  
attend.

We drove him into a brewer's yard, and there we  
let him stand,

While the lads of the village went to drink at the  
Green Man,

Then when they did come out, one and all the blades  
did say,

It was the best brindle bull they ever drove away.

